### SOMETHING LIKE AN AT HOME.

FREAKS UNWRAP THEIR TALENTS FROM SUNDAY'S NAPKIN

and Give a Lesson in the Art of Entertaining-Young Mr. Slivers a Kind of Greek Chorus All by Himself-Ever See a Three Legged Wonder Kick a Football?

Looking over the multitude Mr. Slivers he clown spoke as follows: "All the re-porters are here. Let joy be unconfined." The greatest show on earth had seen that here might be a lull in publicity and so Bill loxey, press agent in chief of the Barnum Bailey aggregation, sent out an invitation

Mr. Willard Coxey and Hiredags request the pleasure of your present in the Curio Hall of the Greatest Show Ou Earth. Madison Square Garden, at an At Home of the Human Prodigees in the Curio Hall of the Greatest Show On Barth which is Barnum and Bailey'son the effernoon of Sunday, April eventh, Nineteen hundred and even. at three o'clock, In the Greatest Show On Earth. R. S. V. P.

Mr. Coxey and his able assistant, young Vr. Dexter Fellows, received. They stood nder a sign that said, "This way to the Menagerie," with a hand pointing downard. To the left of them was another sign hat ran, "Don't miss the Freeks before entering the Big Show," with another hand cointing to the right. Both men were the conventional carnation and frock coat and the guests arrived Mr. Coxey and Mr. cilows shook hands affably and swung re arrivals along toward a table filled with empagne botties as only a professional aandshaker can.

Mr. Paul Lythcke, manager of Miss Rosa Wedsted, the Finnish giantess, was on the ening clothes that made everybody else small and uncomfortable. Beautiful darie, the blond fat girl, whose proud boast it is that she never wore a princess gown in her life, sat on a braced tête-à-tête with Miss Marie DoVere, the sword swalower, and Krao, the young lady missing ik, abutted on these. King Charles John licops and Prince Louis Stoeffler talked easantly with the Princess Caroline Haas all midgets-about the Horse Show and the using season at Newport and other topics hat engage society at functions like these, and Mandy, the man with the boiler plated head, discussed a swell brand of small talk with Miss Marie Bayrooty, the Turkish whirling dancer, under the artificial palms. So Mr. Slivers, radiating a Metropole samond in his green crocheted cravat, ave the word to open the throttle and the

The midgets who weren't on the afternoon will sat in the front row of chairs that were placed in the centre of Curio Hall, the normal people sat behind them, and George Augur, the Welsh giant, and Miss Rosa Wedsted the Finnish giantees, sat in the last row. But as the show enanged from a platform m one side of the hall to a platform on the other side it became hard for the midgets to see. And when George Augur was in the front row after a change he wouldn't emove his No. 11 hat because what's the

There was a musical selection or three Erst by Haile, Wills and Haile, who played ivinely on things that were originally steam radiators, on the electric lights, the rubber plants or on the plates of chicken salad near the champagne. It was all the same to Haile, Wills and Haile. They inished their numbers without a comment various midgets in the show got on the job

various midgets in the show got on the job for the second number and little Prince Louis began to do Hermannesque tricks slivers began by remarking estentatiously. He's sleight of hand and slight of body. I guess maybe that's bad, eh? But the filliputians went right on with their various stunts as if nothing had happened. They sang duets in German, and a young Carmeneita who owned to a spanish dance, and Prince Louis did some acrobatic revolutions that caused Slivers to look envious. Prince Louis came out finally wearing green trunks and looking

acrobatic revolutions that caused Slivers to look envious. Prince Louis came out finally wearing green trunks and looking like a half portion of Danny Maher and put it all over King Charles John Hoops. Prof. McNulty, the punchandjudyster, who acted as referee, had to separate the maddened tighters at the risk of his life many times in the three round bout.

The Bayrooty Troupe of Twirling, Twinning, Twisting Turks made every one shift his chair to the other side of the room for the next number. All the three male members of the troupe did was to play tom toms and a sort of flageolet, but Miss Marie Bayrooty, who once won a medal for revolving steadily at one spot for thirty-eight minutes, spun around and around with enthuliasm. Marie is the human revolving storm door. When she had been whirling for about twelve minutes young Mr. Slivers sliggested to a party of select friends that he knew a place on Fourth avenue where one could get something better than fizz water, and no fair eating the sandwich. When the Slivers party returned Miss Marie was still revolving.

"And it's a cinch," remarked Slivers then, "that she couldn't tell you now on which side the uptown station is. Pretty bad, eh?"

But this pretty Turkish girl finally randown, and then Miss Marie DeVere, the

which side the uptown station is. Pretty bad, sh?"
But this pretty Turkish girl finally ran down, and then Miss Marie DeVere, the lady sword swallowist, caused another turning of chairs. Miss DeVere swallowed foot long swords as easily as the board of governors of the Pleiades Club eating spagnetti amid the applause of the many patrons of dramatic art present.

"But I'd like to see her swallow one of Bill Coxey's press stories," observed young Mr. Slivers, and everybody turned his chair to see the three legged wonder, Lentini, kick a football out over the heads of the multitude with his excess leg. Mandy, the Hard Headed Marvellous Man, followed Lentini by placing a big block of granite on his head, with only a pink edition of an evening paper between the rock and his skull for protection. They called for volunteers to soak it to Mandy then with the sledge hammer, just to show there was no dee-cept-shun, but nobody would go up from the audience. George Augur, the steen foot Welsh giant, was finally prevailed upon to take up the hammer and plant a couple of whacks where they would do the most good.

"Strike where you look" was Mandy's

than a couple of whacks where they would do the most good.
"Strike where you look," was Mandy's last request, and the giant came down, as if he loved his work, on the rock. He split the big chunk of stone after a few blows, and then Mandy broke an extremely solid kitchen chair over his own precious head for an express.

Prof. McNulty was the stage director of a Punch and Judy show after this. It seems that Mr. Punch had a wife named Judy, and Punch asked her to-get the baby, and when she didn't Punch rapped her on the head till you could hear her head land four blocks away and then a black faced person came up from below and tried to sing and blocks away and then a black faced person came up from below and tried to sing and Punch rapped him on the head and placed him cold in death beside Judy hanging over the edge of the stage and after this Punch rapped an Irishman and a Jew and Pierrot aand killed them all. But the Devil got Mr. Punch at last and everybody lived happily after.

There was a lot of chicken salad after this and sandwiches and more champagne.

Much might be written about the afternoon of entertainment only that Mr. Bill loxey said positively between each number on the programme that the entertainment was got up merely to show a bit of appre-

vas got up merely to show a bit of appre-ciation on the part of the circus manage-ment to their many friends, and that Man-ager Cole and he would be deeply offended if any account of it get into the papers. In view of this, perhaps, the loss said the

VICTOR HERBERT CONCERT. The Orchestra Heard in Music by Its Leader and Other Composers.

Victor Herbert's own compositions were

most in demand last night at the second of the spring series of Sunday night concerts by his orchestra at Daly's Theatre. The leader and his orchestra pleased a large and appreciative audience from Stahlberg's "At the Brook," at the opening of the programme, through an "Egyptian Suite" in four parts, by Luigini, to the field of selec-tions from "Mile. Modiste," "The Red Mill," "Babes in Toyland" and others of Mr. Herbert's popular light operas. A new song, "If You Love But Me," written by Mr. Herbert for "The Red Mill," was played by the orchestra for the first time last night. It will be sung by Allen Crater te-night. Of the numbers on the programme not of Mr. Herbert's writing Liadow's "Imitation of a Music Box" and an encore. "Firefly Waltz," were heartily applauded. When an encore to the "Egyptian Suite" brought

an encore to the "Egyptian Suite" brought forth the loud tension of Mr. Herbert's "Oriental March" from "The Tattooed Man," and the well known "Recause You're You" from "The Red Mill," the audience settled back for enjoyment.

Miss Louise Le Baren sang several numbers in pleasing fashion. Mr. Herbert's orchestra in the closing cencert on April 21 will give the last entertainment at Daly's before the theatre passes into the control of the Shuberts.

WATCH FOR CAMPANINI. Manhattan's Musical Director Honored at

Sunday Night Concert. While Cleofonte Campanini, d'rector of the Manhattan Opera Ii use orchestra, was bowing his acknowledge, ont of the applause at last night's concert Max Bendix, concert master, took the director's stand and read to Campanini and the audience a little testimonial of appreciation from the orchestra mainbars. Then he produced a more substantial token of the musicians' esteem, a gold watch engraved, "Cleofonte Campanini, from the Manhattan Opera House orchestra, April, 1907.

The audience rose in the seats and cheered the blushing Campanini. The orchestra covered the director's confusion by loud bangings on the drums and squeaking of tiddles.

Bassi, Sammarco and Altschefsky led Bassi. Sammarco and Altschefsky led the programme. Sammarco gave the prologue to "Pagliacci," Bassi, an aria from "L'Africaine," and Altschefsky an aria from Tachaikowsky's little known opera, "Eugene Onegin." Mme. Russ sang a cavatina from "Semiramide." Mile. Zeppilli followed with an aria from "Traviata." The last number, most appreciated by the audience, was the duct and trio from the third act of "Aida," which was sung by Mme. Russ, Bassi and Sammarco.

News of Plays and Players.

Walter N. Lawrence announces the last three weeks of "The Three of Us" at the Madison Square Theatre. The run will end on Saturday night, April 27, complet-ing 227 consecutive performances. Franz Kiersenner, who has been an actor

he flerman actors in this country, has decided to retire from the company at the Irving Place Theatre and from the stage at the close of the present season. Herr Kierschner, will make his last ap-pearance at a benefit arranged for him at the Academy of Music on Sunday, April 28. On April 1 the veteran actor celebrated the fifty-seventh anniversary of his first

appearance.
Joe Weber and Amelia Bingham had a talk yesterday, and as a result it was announced that Miss Bingham's play, "The Lilac Room." has been withdrawn. Weber's Theatre will be dark until an attraction is

Theatre will be dark until an attraction is secured. Miss Bingham says she is going to take her show to St. Louis.

William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer say they are trying to secure property adjoining the Lambs Club, in Forty-fourth street, upon which to erect a new theatre. Brady says he needs a house for his three stars, his wife, Grace George, Robert Mantell and Wilton Lackaye. Brady and Grismer have not as yet secured all the property they need.

SCHOONER SINKS; CREW SAVED. The Henry Croker Drags Her Anchor and Smashes Against a Bulkhead.

The two masted schooner Henry Croker from Inswood, L. I., bound for New York with a load of crushed stone, dragged her anchor while lying off Manhattan Beach yesterday morning and smashed up against a bulkhead near the Oriental Hotel. schooner had a big hole smashed in her hull schooner had a big note smasned in her huit below the water line, but Capt. John James and his crew of two stuck by the ship and tried to pump out the Atlantic faster than it flowed in. So confident were they that their efforts were succeeding they re-fused help when John Tappin and Henry Bellmar put out in a small boat to the rescue. Just as the rescuers were putting back a big wave sloshed over the schooner and she settled gently to the bottom. Capt. James and the crew jumped overboard and were picked up by the men in the boat

### MAKING THE LONELY LESS SO.

WHOSO IS SICK OF BEING ALONE COME HITHER AND BE CURED.

Be Gay, Be Sad, Be Stupid as You Like or as Funny as You Can, You'll Be Paired —Poesy and the Grab Bag Lend an Ineluctable Charm to the Social Afternoo

You are invited to Have a Good Time at a Package Party and Entertainment by the Lonely Club in Tuxedo Hall, 59th street and Madison avenue, on Sunday afternoon, April 7, 2 to 6 P. M. Each Lady and Gentleman is requested to bring an original scaled Package to be sold in the Hall for

Come And Se Merry.

The ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE. And were they merry? Well, now! As soon as you checked your hat at the door and went into the lodge room of the Hermann's Sons up on the third floor there was a young person in blue with applique lace insertion who greeted you.

"I know you must be a stranger and lonely or you wouldn't come here. You know as soon as you get inside the door here you don't need any introduction. Fou just go up and talk to anybody. That's the way we used to do when I lived out at Sauk, Wis., and it just made me feel too good to find this lonely club, where you can do just as you used to at home. Now you just mix around some and talk to anybody you want to. That's what the Lonely Club is for."

Club is for."

Air. Charles Mason, author and lecturer and president of the club, came up and introduced himself. Why, of course; just walk right up to anybody and tell them where you came from and why you are lonely, sit down and have a good long chat. And have some cake—but the cake will come later, of course. And did you bring your original sealed packages will be the greatest! Any student of human nature can see that there is nothing like a lot of good fellows and good girls to jolly a fellow up when he lives in California and is all alone in New York.

Then Mr. Mason, A. and L., stepped up

alone in New York.

Then Mr. Mason, A. and L., stepped up to the platform and opened the meeting.

"The Lonely Club has achieved a unique service in New York," said Mr. Mason. "It has devised a new way for people to get acquainted with one another. Just as soon as we come in that doorway over there we drop all conventionalities and we get together in good fellowship. It takes genius to do that. Who is it that says that "Genius buddeth like a rose and it—and it—well, it is watered by human sympathy," or something like that.

it is watered by human sympathy, or something like that.
"Some Mrs. Grundys may say that it is a little ultra for ladies to come here unescerted and meet strange gentlemen, but I say it is an insult to American manhood that rock upon which our Constitution is built and upon which the ship of State rests; an insult, I repeat, to believe that ladies of known respectability cannot come here when they are lonely and find sweet companionship."

ompanionship."

Mr. Mason, A. and L.—he one time spoke before a Socialist meeting on "The Interrelation Between the Ethereal and the Transcendental," said the girl from Sauk—poked two holes in the air with his rigid thumb to point his emphasis and went on to say that Mrs. Adelia Barker, our well known singer of compic Irish songs. was known singer of comic Irish songs, was among us, and that she would now favor us with one of her inimitable songs. Mrs. Barker favored. In a rare contralte that had Hattie Williams frayed to a tassel Mrs. Barker rendered this gem of pure

Oh my Irish Indian Mary Anne McKewell; She can kick like any army mule. If you get in her way you're the fool.

Arrah she's the typical, typical, typical mule: But she's Tipperary too-

Yo-ho, yodle, yodle, "We have a rollicall of honor in this club," said the president when Mrs. Adelia Barker had finished with the Irish Indian Mary Anne McKewell, "and Mrs. Barker's name shall surely be enrolled thereon. But be-sides singers we have artists and literary people in this club, and it is no more than fitting that after the jolly little song we thing in a more serious vein. Mme. Rique, who is well known as a professional speaker and literary woman, will now read an original poem, entitled 'What is Life?' I know

inal poem, entitled 'What is Life?' I know you will all pay attention."

Mme. Rique stepped on to the platform and toyed with her chatelaine chain until quiet had settled over the club members. Then she sighed. She drew from her glove a little folded paper and sighed again.

"What is life?" Mme. Rique asked in a small voice which trailed away into the mellow drop dropping of a crystal fountain in the Stygian caves of the dead.

Life is what the living make it. Be the course or smooth or rough: Lir is but a mingled jumble— Things unseen and things un eard. Life is but the early morning— Pearly morning fraught with dew: Little battle in the dark. 'Til we see the glorious promise Of the haven of the blest.

The girl from Sauk, Wis., sat for some minutes after Mme. Rique had dropped the last rippling stanza, eyes closed and hands pressed together.

"Oh, that makes me think of the old

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farm," she said. "The old farm just as you see it coming over the hill from Bevil's Lake, with the old meadow lot there and pa's new hop-barn painted red. Isn't that beautiful?"

President Manon

President Mason Introduced Mrs. E. S. Arbecam of Jarsey City, first lady vice-president of the Lonely Club. Mrs. Arbecam could not dare to speak when the minds of the club members were still filled with the glorious beauty of Mms. Rique's original stanzas. Mrs. Arbecam was only reminded of a little verse somebody had out out of a Jersey newspaper and pasted on the fly leaf of a Bible which a mother gave her boy just before he started out to China to do missionary work. This was the verse:

What can you do? That's what the world is asking of you. Not who you are or what you are

But what can you do? That's what the world is asking of you. That's what the world is asking of you.

President Mason said that he was sure the society would put Mrs. Arbecam's name on the roll call of honor too. But now, to the joy of the day, Mr. Charles—our jolly Mr. Charles whose wit always finds a ready outlet—would auction off the sealed packinges. And everybody bid high for we need the money for the building fund.

Mr. Charles stepped blithely to the front and began to rattle off the various packages. Some bid as high as 50 cents. The fun ran fast and furious.

"Say, young man, you're a little mixed; I'm not even married." A large man with a bald spot rose up from the back of the room and took from a flat box a filmy something, all white, with baby ribbons run through the neck.

something, all white, with baby ribbons run through the neck.

"Why, just go ahead and get married," said Mr. Charles of the ready wit. "There you've got part of the trousseau already." President Mason led the laughter.

"Oh, whoever did this mean thing!" The girl from Sauk unwrapped a water bottle and threw it disclainfully on the floor.

"Just what I wanted and cheap at the price," said the young man with the reversible cuffs, as he drew from his package just the dearest little collar box, all run through with cherry red. "I know who put that in there," he added significantly, and a girl with imitation cherries on her hat blushed furiously. President Mason bought in three five-cent cigars at 95 cents.

Mr. Fischer, who also played auctioneer, gallantly purchased a hand painted necktie.

"But we must not forget the inner man," suddenly broke in Mr. Mason with another stab where a fly should have been.

Then they cut the cakes and passed the

HAMMERSTEIN ISN'T WORRYING. Lays Away Subscription Money So He Can

Oscar Hammerstein declared yesterday that he had never yet touched the money paid to him last fall for subscriptions, and would not do so until to-day. The amount paid in for subscriptions next season, which will be much larger, will also be put aside until the second year of the Manhattan Opera House is a thing of the past.

Opera House is a thing of the past.

"I instructed my treasurer, Mr. Ward," hetold The Sun reporter, "to deposit all the checks received for subscriptions in a separate bank, where I opened a deposit especially for that purpose Against that amount I drew a check for every subscriber. I wanted to be able to return that amonut proportionately whenever I came to the conclusion that I had had enough.

"Next season my subscriptions will amount to more than \$300,000, according to present indications. That money will be treated in just the same way. Whenever I get tired I am going to stop. I realize that it is impossible for an opera house without a subvention to make any money,

without a subvention to make any money, and I don't expect that. I don't expect to have the life worried out of me, either, and when I realize that I have had enough I am going to stop on the spot."

## RUNNING WATER

A Powerful Love Story By A. E. W. Mason Author of

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#### MERMAID THAT TOLD FIRED

HIPPODROME PRESSAGENT HELPS HER TO BE INDIGNANT.

Shall the Secrets of the Diving Bell Be Blown Abroad and Nobody Pay Any Attention?-Not if Alta Has to Bring Three Damage Suits in Two Days.

Every show girl between Fourteenth street and Forty-second turned three genteel back somersaults of dismay, surprise and chagrin when word passed from breakfast table to breakfast table yesterday afternoon that Miss Alice Palmer had got hers and had been fired by Lee Shubert for talking too much. Miss Palmer, through her lawyer, Herman L. Roth of 1402 Broadway, says that she is going to make Mr. Shubert pay her her thirty per until the end of the season just the samey all right, all right, and damages from \$50,000 up, so what's the dif? The suit will be begun just as soon as the legal papers can be pre pared by William Truetalk Page, press gent of the Hippodrome.

Miss Palmer spent yesterday in the parior of the Hotel Cadillac, where she lives, being indignant. So did Mr. Page, who spent the afternoon with her urging her to be

his art.

"Go on and be indignant. Alice," urged Mr. Page, "or we'll be trimmed. Bill Coxey is having some kind of a circus reception this afternoon at the Garden. Go on—rip it into Shubert, Anderson, Louis Sidney or any one else around the Hippodrome. Go as far as you like."

"Well, I think it's a shame," began Miss Palmer, oddly enough. "I am a mermaid. I am 18 years old. I was born in Gloucester, Mass., and at an early age displayed a

Mass., and at an early age displayed a love for the sea. I am not married now

love for the sea. I am not married now. I—I—I—"

"Go on." urged W. W. Page firmly but gently. "Go on, little one."

"Well, one night last week a certain party took me to Boin's after the whistle blew. I ordered chicken hash with green peppers and mushrooms and lobster salad and my gentleman friend ordered flaked finnan haddie and nesselrode pudding. Now all I said to him was that when we mermaids light out for the bottom of the tank we swim under a big diving bell down there and stand up under it till it's time to come up again, like we were under a big umbrella down there full of air.

"Gee, I thought you did it by being all over grease paint,' this party said to me. 'Not at all,' I said to my gentleman friend. When this diving bell goes down to the bottom it takes a lot of air with it like an upside down chafing dish being put into a pail of water. Then one thingumajig runs out to this thing and air comes to us that way and after we breathe the air it goes out in another thingumajig.'

"Out of the same thingumajig?' my gentleman friend asked me. 'No, out of another,' I said. 'And when it's time to come to the surface of the water we stand on a little platform beside the bel, hold our breath, and it's up for ours to the surface.' And my gentleman friend said, 'How do you know when it's time for you to go up?' And I said: 'We get our cue through another thingumajig that runs to the bell.' And then I ordered a large coffee with cream and this party who was with me ordered a demi-tasse.

"And the next day during the circus I

a demi-tasse.

"And the next day during the circus I told Lillian Ross what I had told a certain party the night before and she said. I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything because if Mr. Anderson or Mr. Shubert or Mr. Sidney ever heard htat the secret got further than the five or six hundred in the company they'd be wild. And I said, 'Huh! They oan't do anything to me.' And so they fired me. But my lawyer, Mr. Roth, says I can make them pay dearly for it, if it costs every cent mother and I can scrape together."

for it, if it costs every cent mother and I can scrape together."

"I'm sorry that Miss Palmer had to be dismissed,' said Lee Shubert, discussing the matter yesterday," said Mr. Page later on a typewriter. "But if the chorus girls and mermaids of the Hippodrome are going to give the secret away they can't expect much consideration from us. An example had to be made, for the girls were talking entirely too much about this thing. If Miss Palmer wins her suit,' continued Mr. Shubert," continued Mr. Page on the typewriter. "I may give her an engagement with Eddie Foy in "The Orchid." But it is impossible to keep her at the Hippodrome, for she talked too much about this matter."

A number of show girls who were met along Broadway toward evening and asked for their opinions about talking too much for their opinions about talking too much said that they might be freely quoted as having said "Oh, slush!"

Oldest Man in Kansas Dying. TOPEKA, Kan., April 7.-The oldest man in Kansas, William Lynn, aged 102 years, who lives on a farm near Topeka, is dying from a peculiar accident. He is blind, and in reaching for his tobacco can fell and broke his leg near the hip. Beginning with Andrew Jackson in 1828, he has voted for every President since.

Fall From Liner Kills Sailer. Fred Luchrs, 19 years old, a sailor on the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II., fell overboard from the liner's main deck at her pier in Hoboken yesterday and was pulled out of the water by members of the crew. He died later in the ship's



### BIG FISH Among The

**THOUSANDISLANDS** Pickerel and pike fishing begins May 1st, and this

### region is conveniently reached by the New York Central Lines

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American Artists

Inness, Martin (Homer), Chase, Brush, Bunce, Tryon, Metcalf, Ryder (A. P.), Dewing, Hassam, Simmons, Steichen, Cox, Curran, Davies, Sewell, Coleman (C. C.), Robinson (T.), Whittredge.

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The American Art Association, Managers 6 East 23d Street, Madison Square South

The People's Choral Union of New York, with Frank Damrosch as conductor and an orchestra of sixty, rendered Handel's ora-torio, "The Messiah." last night at the

Hippodrome before a large audience. The soloists were Genevieve Clark Wilson, soprano; Eva Mylott, contralto: Frank Ormsby, tenor, and William Harper, bass. Miss Mylott, a singer from Australia. whose appearance last night was the first in twenty-six days in each year with full pay.

America, took the place of Anna Taylor Jones, who became suddenly ill yesterday....

Arbitration Award in Telegraph Dispute SAN FRANCISCO, April 7.—The board of arbitration which has been considering the dispute between the Southern Pacific company and the Order of Railroad Telegraphers handed down its decision yesterday awarding the telegraphers 7½ per cent. increase in pay and a half day's work on Sunday, or in lieu thereof a vacation of



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